McGill Daily

Vol. 3, No. 63. Montreal, Saturday, December 13, 1913. Price Five Cents.

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EXCELLENT PROSPECTS FOR H.CKEY SEASON

Games To Be Arranged For January 3 and 10

Messrs. Hughes and Roberts presented the need of the hockey club, at the meeting of those interested in hockey in Strathcona Hall yesterday afternoon. The question of the payment per cless of $25 for the use of two practice hours on the campus rink was tne main issue. The representatives of the classes, who were present, stated that most of the classes were waiting to see what th eothr classes were going to take.

It was stated that last year the deficit was $450. This year the deficit will be greatly decreased or the rink abandoned. It was claimed that every class willing to back its team for a trophy, should consent to pay for two practices a week.

It was decided not to hold any gum classes. But since a number of prospective players will be in the city during the Christmas holidays, they will be able to keep in trim. The executive are trying to arrange games on January 3 and 10 in order to accustom the members of the team to each other's play.

Those classes desiring hours allotted to them for practice on the campus rink should hand the preferred hours in to the Wicke without delay.

MARSH FUND HAS PASSED $200 MARK

"In the name of the University," writes Dean Moyse, "I wish to thank the members of the staff and the students who have through this act of generiosity shown their interest in, and sympathy for, the victim of an unfortunate accident for which there is no proof of responsibility attaching to the student body. A cheque for the sum collected will be sent to Mr. Marsh without delay."

THE CONTRIBUTIONS

Collected at Council meeting ...	$ 33.61
Medicine, 1917 ...	8.50
Arts '15, Sci. '15, Medi. '16 ...	41.00
Arts '14 ...	8.00
Arts '17 ...	17.55
Arts '16 ...	11.00
Science '14 ...	66.00
Medicine '15 ...	5.50
Staff ...	23.84
	$215.00

SCIENCE DINNER.

At a meeting of the Science Undergraduate Society yesterday afternoon, the arrangements for the forthcoming Science Dinner were discussed. Mr. Keeping proposed that a committee be appointed to assist him in the preparations, and it was moved by Mr. Jamieson and carried that such a committee be named.

It will be composed of Staring, Jamieson and Robideneyra, who were appointed.

C. O. T. C.

A most successful smoker was tendered Col. Burland by the C. O. T. C. last night. Members were privileged to meet the colonel individually. The programme consisting mainly of musical numbers, proved thoroughly enjoyable and it is heped that this will be made an annual feature.

It was announced during the evening that the C. O. T. C. will be at home New Year's Day.

R. V. C. PARTIALS IN "ST. PATRICK'S DAY"

The common room of the Royal Victoria College, that scene of many assemblies, both grave and gay, witnessed one more novelty yesterday afternoon, when the Partial Student Society entertained their friends, including the staff and the undergraduates, with a theatrical performance, followed by a tea.

The drama presented was Sheridan's brilliant little comedy, "St. Patrick's Day, or The Scheming Lieutenant," and so delightfully was it done that for an hour or two the audience was fairly deluded into the belief that it was St. Patrick's or some other festival rather than the eve of the examination season. As for scheming, Lieutenant O'Connor and Dr. Rosy showed themselves past masters of that art, discomfited tyrannical parents, secured the willing bride, and charmed the audience all at once.

Red coats and black, satin and panniers, powder and patches had trans-

(Continued from page 3.)

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

The concert by the University Orchestra, in the R. V. C. Hall on December 11th, was one of the most delightful the Conservatorium has ever given. Certainly the orchestra reflects the greatest credit on both Dr. Perrin and the university.

The varied nature of the compositions performed bespeaks a most careful training, for, while able to give such a delightful and spirited rendering of the Overture to The Marriage of Figaro, or of so difficult a composition as the Scotch Symphony, their skill in accompanying concertos is quite remarkable. This was especially noteworthy in a violin concerto, in which the solo instrument, unlike the piano, which always remains a distinct contrast, refusing to blend with the tone of the orchestra, demands a very careful accompaniment, if it is not to be observed.

The soloists in the concertos displayed not only a thorough technique but a most artistic refinement and finish; while the charm of both singers lay in their perfect naturalness and the sympathetic quality of their voices.

A FAT MAN'S RACE AT INDOOR MEET

Jeffrey Wins Quarter Mile Elimination

Jeffrey won the elimination quarter mile race to qualify for the events to-day. His time yesterday afternoon was 1:6 1-5, as against 1: made by Ross. Nugent hurt his ankle when he completed half the rounds. Ross will thus be given third place, and Jeffrey will enter the finals to-day.

A special event to be known as the fat man's race, has been added to the programme. Three students qualified, and Church, Desonier and Sullivan will try for the special prize alloted to men over 175 pounds.

The order of the events will be:— Twenty years, standing broad jump, running broad jump, quarter-mile, potato race, shot put, half-mile, broad jump, standing high jump, mile.

Dr. Harvey, who donated the trophy, will present the prizes to the winners.

MOVING PICTURES IN THE UNION NEXT WED.

At a meeting of Corporation of McGill University, held on Wednesday afternoon, it was announced that Dr. Tait McKenzie, who is now Director of Physical Education in the University of Pennsylvania, has kindly offered in aid of the scheme for a new gymnasium, to show the moving pictures which were prepared for the pageant held last spring to illustrate all the athletic and gymnastic activities of the university. These pictures were also exhibited at the International Congress on School Hygiene at Buffalo.

Dr. Tait McKenzie's kind offer was gratefully accepted and it has been arranged that his address will be given on the evening of Wednesday, December 17th in the Hall of the Students' Union, at 8.15 p.m. The public are cordially invited to attend.

MEDICAL EXAMS.

First year:

Chance of date for Zoology Sessional Examination to Monday, December 15th, at 4 p.m.

Sessional Examination in General Chemistry, Friday, December 19th, 2 p. m.

Tuesday, December 16th, Dr. F. W. Harvey, Medical Director of Physical Education, will meet the class immediately after the Chemistry Lecture, 3 p.m.

Written examination in Physiological Chemistry, Monday, December 15th, 9.30 a.m.

Written examination in Bacteriology, Tuesday, December 16th, 9.30 a.m.

Written examination in Parasitology, Friday, December 19th, 9.30 a.m.

Oral and Practical examinations for groups in the above subjects in the afternoons of the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th.

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To Advertisers!

As is usual, the McGill Daily will not be issued during the Xams and the Xmas holidays—the last issue in December appearing to-day, and regular issues being resumed on January 5th, 1914.

Round About the College

TO WHICH EVERYBODY IS A REPORTER.

The C. O. T. C. smoker was held last night, and was a great success.

Don't forget the sacred concert in the Union to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Arts '17 at its meeting yesterday afternoon decided in favor of voting $25 for the campus rink as its share.

"Scratchetary" McTavish, of the Basketball Club, will attend the Intercollegiate meeting at Kingston to-day. The election of officers and other items of importance is the order of business.

Turkeys are now selling 23 cents a pound, but the price is going up. Buy early.

A final exam. in Geology will be taken by the fourth year Arts class next Monday.

Found. A fountain pen, in the university grounds. Owner can have same by applying at 20 Seymour avenue.

At 4 o'clock yesterday the writer passed 10 maids, 6 sleighs and 4 carriages between the top of the avenue and the gates.

A final in Education will be held Friday, December 19, for third and fourth year students in Arts.

The Lit. executive purposes having members from Ottawa speak at each alternate meeting of the Mock Parliament.

Two Arts students wandered out of their element into the dissecting room of the McGill Medical Building yesterday. Their stay lasted two minutes.

The Physics Society will hold a meeting in the Macdonald Physics Building on Tuesday, December 16, at 5 p.m.

The Students' Employment Bureau is open for those who would like to work in their spare time during the holidays; call and see the secretary of the McGill Y. M.

XMAS. 1913.

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521 St. Catherine St. West.

The McGill grounds do not seem to have any less attraction for the nurse maids since the snow has come. The only apparent difference is that they congregate along the sidewalks now with their babies and baby carriages and obstruct the passers-by.

What means that relieved look on the faces of young men and maidens as they left the Arts Building yesterday afternoon? Nothing, but lectures are over for a time.

Special arrangements have been made so that students may have the privilege of using the pool and the gymnasium in the holidays, except when the regular Y. M. classes are in progress.

Harry Smith, debater, athlete, and one of the most popular men around the University during the past two years, is very ill and is not expected to live. He was considered among the candidates for the Rhodes Scholarship last year.

George, the Daily office boy, has been found to possess great talent as a rag-time dancer, being the originator of the latest rival of the Tango, "The Giblet Gravy." George is very modest in speaking of his latest creation.

The people passing by the Conservatorium are usually assailed by a fusillade of sound (sometimes called music) from the inside. Yesterday the music was provided from the exterior. An organ grinder was extracting melody (?) from his intrument.

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You will—of course—patronize McGill Daily advertisers and by so doing help us to give you a better paper.

DEPARTMENT OF MINES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

PUBLICATIONS The Geological Survey has published maps and reports dealing with a large part of Canada, with many local areas and special subjects.

A catalogue of publications will be sent free to any applicant.

Most of the older reports are out of print, but they may usually be found in public libraries, libraries of the Canadian Mining Institute, etc.

REPORTS RECENTLY ISSUED:

CANADA

1085. Descriptive Sketch of the Geology and Economic Minerals of Canada. Accompanied by a geological and mineral map of Canada, by G. A. Young and R. W. Brock.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA

1165. Memoir No. 18. Bathurst District, New Brunswick, by G. A. Young. Maps not yet published.

QUEBEC

1186. Memoir No. 35. Reconnaissance along the National Transcontiental Railway in Southern Quebec, by John A. Dresser.

ONTARIO

1160. Memoir No. 17. Larder Lake District, Ont., and Adjoining Portions of Pontiac County, Quebec, by Morley E. Wilson.

1242. Memoir 33. Geology of Gowganda Mining Division, by W. H. Collins.

NORTH WEST PROVINCES

1204. Memoir No. 24. Preliminary Report on the Clay and Shale Deposits of the Western Provinces, by Heinrich Ries and Joseph Keele.

1220. Memoir 29. Oil and gas prospects of the Northwest Provinces of Canada, by Wyatt Malcolm. Map not yet published.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

1175. Memoir No. 21. The Geology and Ore Deposits of Phoenix, Boundary District, B.C., by O. E. LeRoy.

YUKON AND NORTH WEST TERRITORIES

1228. Memoir No. 31. Wheaton District, Yukon Territory, by D. D. Cairnes. Maps not yet published.

MAPS RECENTLY ISSUED:

CANADA

1042. Mineral Map of Canada. Scale 100 miles to 1 inch.
1277. Map 91A. Geological map of the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland. Scale 100 miles to 1 inch.

NOVA SCOTIA

1133. Map 13A. Kingsport sheet, Nova Scotia, No. 84. Scale 1 mile to 1 inch.
1208. Map 53A. Southeast Nova Scotia. Scale 4 miles to 1 inch.

NEW BRUNSWICK

1181. Map 35A. Reconnaissance Map of Parts of Albert and Westmoreland Counties, N.B. Geology and topography. Scale 1 mile 1 inch.

QUEBEC

1178. Map 32A. Larder Lake and Opasatika Lake, Nipissing, Abitibi and Pontiac, Ontario and Quebec. Geological. Scale 2 miles to 1 inch.

ONTARIO

750. Grenville Sheet. Parts of Counties of Ottawa, Argenteuil, Terrebonne, Two Mountains and Vaudreuil, Quebec and Carleton, Russell, Prescott and Glengarry, Ontario. Geology. Scale 4 miles to 1 inch. Reprint.
1177. Map 31A. Larder Lake, Nipissing District, Ontario. Geology. Scale 1 mile to 1 inch.
1244. Map 64A. Advance geological copy of map of Gowganda Mining Division and vicinity. Scale 1 mile to 1 inch.

ALBERTA

1132. Map No. 7A. Bighorn Coal Area, Alberta, by G. Malloch. Scale 2 miles to 1 inch.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

1260-1276. Maps 74A-90A. Geology of the Forty-ninth Parallel. Geology and topography of the International Boundary between British Columbia and the United States. Scale 1 mile to 1 inch, contour interval 100 feet.
1237. Map 62A. Nelson and vicinity, British Columbia. Geology and topography. Scale 1 mile to 1 inch.

YUKON AND NORTH WEST TERRITORIES

1089. Map 9A. Explored Routes on parts of the Albany, Severn and Winisk Rivers. Scale 8 miles to 1 inch.

NOTE—Maps published within the last two years may be had, printed on linen, for field use. A charge of ten cents is made for maps on linen.

Communications should be addressed to THE DIRECTOR, GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, OTTAWA.

STRONGEST COLLEGE MAN A SOPHOMORE

Michael Dorizos, the Greek athlete, who is a Sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania, is the strongest man that the college world has ever known and his record, made in the test room of Franklin Field, exceeds by 500 points that of the strongest man in any college. The Greek is a great wrestler of the Graeco-Roman style. He is a crack with the discus, winning at the Olympic games in Athens in the Greek style and taking second in the free style. He holds the javelin and stone throw records for those games.

George H. Brooke, Penn's football coach, intends to teach him the game and play him in the line at tackle or guard.

DAMAGE TO REPUTATION.

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger who, after sadly watching the train depart, had set his satchel upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."

'Why?"

'Because you will think after you've seen it that I'm a liar."

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

By defeating McGill in the Stadium enclosure Saturday afternoon, Toronto won the Intercollegiate Football Championship for the first time in fifty-two years. Queen's finished the season in second position. An old graduate, Dr. Antique Sage, who sat beside the Daily reporter grew reminiscent as he watched the game. Dr. Sage was a member of the class of 1914. He believes that the quality of football played on Saturday was much inferior to that of his college days, and that the players on this year's McGill team are not in a class with the members of the team the last year he was in college, the famous 1913 team whose great feats still live in the annals of Canadian football. Indeed, he said that compared with his old college champions of fifty years ago, the players of Saturday were "a bunch of dead ones," "an assembly of bone-heads." At half time, when there was no hope for McGill, he scribbled the following poem on the back of his programme, and with a reminiscent wail in his voice dictated it to the Daily reporter—with apologies to Grantland Rice.

MEMORIES.

I wonder in what Isle of Dream
 Joe Donnelly now grips the foe;
I wonder on what spectral team
 Bill Hughes lays his rival low,
Or big DeMuth, in ghostly glow
 Holding a rival charge at bay;
Their shadows drift in ebb and flow,—
 Where are the "Shags" of Yesterday?

I wonder, in the sunset gleam,
 Where Ross now strikes his telling blow,
Where Jeffrey, under rushing steam,
 Now gains his twenty yards or so.
Does Monty no more yards bestow?
 Has Draper made his final play?
Oh, for the Lee I used to know!
 Oh, for the "Shags" of Yesterday!

Red ghosts of old, I see them stream
 In valiant line, row after row;
"Chuck" Watrous, and Lemay supreme,
 And Red McLean with clutch of woe;
Do half-gods come when gods must go?
 Gendron and Abbott, where are they?
Must McGill hopes frost in Kingston snow?
 Where are the "Shags" of Yesterday?

Toronto's cheering echoes grow;
 The strong blue line sweeps down the way;
Oh, for Laing's brains or Paisley's toe!
 Oh, for the "Shags" of Yesterday!

RUBAIYAT OF OUR OWN OMAR

(The intention of which is to convey a gentle lesson to Freshmen and others who blow in on riotous living the scads which the old man so laboriously scraped together to obtain for his son the benefits of a college education.)

Wake! for the Gong that tells of op'ning Day
And drags us all-reluctant from the Hay
 Looms through the Halls of Learning, calling us
To the Day's Feast. Oh, haste thee, haste thee, pray.

Before the throbbing of the Gong had died,
Methough a Voice within the Feast-Room cried
 "When all the Eats have been prepared within,
Why loafs the careless Banquetter outside?"

Then answered One "I do not care to dine
At Learning's Board—Sport's tastier Food for Mine!"
 And One, "Forgive me, but my fashion is
To gorge on Husks, and dwell among the Swine."

Some for the Pearls of Wisdom sigh, and some
In Games athletic strive to overcome.
 To Each his Meed—But what about the Boob
Whose only real Ambition is to Bum?

The Gink that comes to Learning's lordly Seat
And pays his Fees—Then spends upon the Street,
 Or in the Tavern, Time and Substance both,
Pays for a Feast he does not mean to Eat.

Haste, while the Banquet on the Board is spread;
Eat, 'ere the Feast is o'er, the Chance is Fled;
 Or later, when the pangs of Hunger grip,
You'll wish to Eat—but still remain Unfed.

GUILLAUME CHEVALIER.

"Oh! Dickory, Dickory, Dock," What is the Time by Your Clock

Sometimes all times are not the same time!

Yesterday afternoon a "Daily" reporter visited a number of the buildings around McGill and obtained readings of the various chrononometers placed within their walls.

His watch corresponded with both the Daily and the Union clocks at 4.20 and 4.21 respectively.

He journeyed first to the library. Everybody who is a frequenter of that institution knows that there are two clocks suspended in its precincts. The reporter was disappointed in that the clocks only varied by five minutes. One was slow; one was fast. One said the time was 4.28 when the correct time (the reporter's watch, of course) was 4.25. The other at 4.26 was 4.24. He is not Irish. In case a mathematical reader should subtract 4.24 from 4.28 wonder how the computer made the difference 5 min., it may be stated that it took exactly one minute to navigate the dangerous passage between the tables occupied by the R. V. C. and saddle up to the other clock.

Being afraid that he might be accused of being a fusser he hurried to the Museum.

As he was wandering about, looking wise, a caretaker approached him (probably thinking he was up to some mischief). The reported inquired the time. "4.27," was the reply. Just one minute slow.

The ancient clock in the most ancient of McGill's buildings was correct to the dot. The brown clock, which tells many a retarded student, as he opens the door of the Arts building, that he is late, registered 4.30.

Science students, were also, according to mean time deprived of any excuse on the grounds of inaccuracies in the clock.

In the Chemistry Building both clocks were two minutes slow, 4.32 and 4.33 were the times at 4.34 and 4.35.

The students who were rushing into the Physics Building yesterday afternoon would have been agreeably surprised had they known that the time shown by the local clock was three minutes slow. Strathcona Hall's time was 4.41 at 4.43.

The reporter hastened quickly to the R. V. C. Breathlessly he inquired of the janitor the time. The R. V. C. said 4.43. In 30 secs., or at 4.41, he had entered that hallowed ground.

Not content with the foregoing, he next began to worry the telephone operator. Upon inquiry he elicited the fact that her clock read just 30 seconds behind his watch.

The McGill observatory evidently thought there was something in the air, for they refused absolutely to give any time.

The information office and the new Medical Building clocks were next compared. One was two minutes fast, the other two minutes slow.

The following dialogue took place:

"East 3175."

"Hello!"

"Can you give me the time of your clocks?"

Gruffly: "Quelle numero desirez, vous? C'est la morgue de Montreal."

"I was wanting a little information regarding the time."

"Un minute. Cinq heures moins dix." In a most pleasant voice, as the clock could be heard to strike five."

Central—"Hello!"

"Up 1337."

High voice coming from lady student at McGill Conservatorrum—"Hello!"

"What is your time? Can you give me the time of your clocks?"

"What do you want that for?" (Laughter.)

"O, I would just like a little information."

"I beg your pardon.'

(Loud laugater at both ends of the wire.)

"Can you give me the time of your clocks?"

After still more laughter we heard that our time was beaten by two seconds. The wire conveyed to us the sound of ticking time-keepers, reverberating pianos, squeaking violins and other noises indescribable, all combining into a cheerful Christmas carol (?).

The McGill University telephone girl deserted her wires for a few minutes in order to give us timely information.

Lastly, but not least, the Learmont house. That institution boasts of three clocks, no two of which agreed. At eight minutes to six, one was ten, another ten, and still another nine minutes to.

All the above was one on the reporter. He had started out to verify the well-founded theory that there were a large number of variations in local mean time. We are inclined to believe that Santa must have whispered our intentions to the clocks, so that the largest departures did not exceed two or three minutes. Be that as it may,

"Time may come
And time may go
But I stop here forever."

THE OLD SURVEY LINE.

Some talk to me of farming,
Some of going to law,
Or else be a blooming bummer
And stay at home with.
But of all the ways of living
The life I choose for mine
Is to freeze like a fool and pack like a mule
On this darned old survey line.

Out on the crust at sunrise
We haul a clinking chain,
Or hold a swaying rod up
In the face of the pouring rain.
We care not for trials or troubles,
For the hardest knocks we've signed;
Where we freeze like fools and pack like mules
On this darned old survey line.

Pork and beans for breakfast,
Pork and beans at night,
Pork and beans for dinner,
By Gum! It is a fright.
But of all the ways of living, the life I choose for mine,
Is to live like a hog and die like a dog
On this darned old survey line.

Ye Olde Theatre Night

Hark! through our noble halls there rings
A mandate loud and strong!
'Tis but an echo of the past,
Of a dismal tale and long.
Yes, 'twas a dreadful night indeed!
The "Daily Star" records
"How raging 'gods' cast thunderbolts
And yelled like maddened hordes."
'Twas 'Ketchup, Pickles, Chow, Chow, Chow'
That startled Montreal,
When hungry 'Cannibals' did shout
They'd 'eat up' one and all.

The same bright constellation cries—
In bitter tones and wild—
"They sullied old McGill's fair name,"
And other terms less mild.
"'Tis meet"—(our self-appointed judge
Gives sentence calm and cool)—
"And right that college should become
A kindergarten school."

The Molson Hall's no battlefield
To coat with victualled gore,
The Princess silence deep demands
From those who "heavenward" soar.

How then must pent-up spirits vent
The passion they contain?
Whate'er we do, some men will shout
"The students are insane."

Mayhap ye heard what did befall
The Science Undergrad,
When strenuously they strove to keep
The sole custom that they had.

Why give up all activities?
Why emulate machines,
And work from morning until night,
'Cause we've just left our teens?

Fellows, for the good of Old McGill
Let's keep things on the go;
Professional lore's not all we need,
The're other strings to our bows.

Gone is the rush! We mourned it not
In verdant-freshman days,
But now we're Sophmores, we need
Some other lively craze.

Then let the mandate loud and strong
Re-echo through each hall,
And Senior, Freshman, Junior, 'Soph,
Awaken to its call!

A. M. A. Sc. '16.

1915.

This is a tale of Arts '15,
The very best class in College.
We're taught our English, by the 'Dean,'
Who fills us full of knowledge.

Now, this is just a jingling rhyme
Without the least point in it;
But it's just to let you know in time
We're right up to the minute.

If you've got any hard exam
Which you don't think you'll pass—
Just come along to us—don't cram
We'll help you come first class.

Now, don't think we're behind in sport
For we're really enthusiastic:
About football, or hockey, or any sort,
Our taste is quite elastic.

We have History, Latin, Lab. and French,
And Languages Teutonic—
Both men and women strive to quench
Overtures not platonic.

There's lots of work in a Junior year
With the Annual and the Dance,
The boards of these don't even fear
Your very critical glance.

The dance, of course, was a great success,
And the Annual is a dream—
But this, you know, is owing to
All the classes of 15.

So now we all stand side by side,
(And we come from far and near.)
To wish you a Happy Christmas-tide;
And the Prosperous New Year.

B. D. L.
R. V. C. Arts, '15.

AMUSEMENTS.

His Majesty's Theatre

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Mon.' (double bill) **"PAGLIACCI,"** Stanley, Gaudenzi, Segura-Tallien; **"SECRET OF SUZANNE,"** with de Phillippe, de Ferran. Tues., **Last performance of "SAMSON ET DALILA."** All-star cast, including Slezak, Gerville-Reache, Roselli. Wed., **"TOSCA,"** Villani, Segura-Tallien, Gaudenzi. Thurs. **First performance of "LOHENGRIN,"** Slezak, Rappold, Olitzka, Salzinger, Martino. Fri., **"CARMEN,"** Ferrabini, Gaudenzi, Roselli, Stanley, de Phillippe. Sat., Mat., **SYMPHONY CONCERT.** Soloist, Katharine Goodson, violiniste. Sat. Eve., (double bill) **"NAVARRAISE,"** with Gerville-Reache, Roselli; **"PAGLIACCI,"** with Stanley, Gaudenzi, Segura-Tallien.

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2 VOCALISTS OF MERIT.

J. Chisholm, of McGill, was elected one of the vice-presidents, each John Elliot, of McGill, one of the executive committee of the Young Liberal-Conservative Club of Montreal Last Evening.

Arts '16 yesterday afternoon decided to leave the question of whether or not to contribute $25 for the upkeep of the rink over until next year.

How McGill may increase her income 1913-14. Charge the nurse maids and children who use the slope outside of the Geology Building a premium for tobogganing for the season.

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A SOFT ANSWER.

A little girl, finding her grandfather dosing, clambered on to his knee and endeavqured to awaken him by pulling his eyelashes. Annoyed at being disturbed from a peaceful nap, the old man scolded the child for her roughness.

"Wough!" she exlciamed, putting, "I wasn't wough. I was only trying to open your eyes by the stwings."

R. V. C. PARTIALS IN "ST. PATRICK'S DAY"

(Continued from page 1.)

formed a group of demure maidens, devotees of first year English and Beginners' German (we apologise to the advanced exceptions) into a band of swashbuckling soldiers, a violent father, a loquacious mother, a belle ripe for elopement, a dashing soldier-lover, and a lachrymose widower, and each and all played their parts with verve and convincing power.

Swift transformations and sparkling dialogue carry the brief play on rapidly and tax the powers of the actors, but to the audience the hour of its performance was all too brief, and they were loth to see the curtain descend upon the final tableau—that inimitable tableau in which O'Connor, late quack doctor, of remarkable Latin vocabulary, plucking off a double disguise, claims the hand of his blushing Lauretta before the eyes of her dumbfounded parents, and Dr. Rosy gives them his tearful blessing.

As if in response to their demand for more, Mrs. Credulous appeared before the curtain to scatter favors in the form of fragrant carnations, and to invite the whole audience to partake of the feast given in honor of the engagement of her daughter Lauretta.

In the gay hour which followed doubtless many secrets were revealed regarding crucial moments, inopportune seizures, of mirth and agonies over pistols and monocles, but all that is another story. The following is the cast.

Lieutenant O'Connor .. Marjorie Ross
Dr. Rosy .. .. Dorothy Allan
Justice Credulous .. .. Evelyn Holland
Serjeant Trounce .. .. Fanny Erdrich
Corporal Flint .. .. Edna Morrison
Lauretta .. .. Violet Michaels
Mrs. Bridget Credulous .. ..
First Soldier .. .. May Silver
Beatrice Dillon-Lawrence.
Second Soldier .. .. Beryl Reynolds
Third Soldier .. Marguerite Robertson
Fourth Soldier .. .. Dorothy Webster
First Countryman .. .. Hilda Baylis
Second Countryman .. .. May Silver
Servant .. .. Hilda Baylis

Congratulations and thanks to the Partial Students' Society!

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

(By James Montgomery.)

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside-comforts sit
In the wildest weather:—
O, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home!

Football Review After Style of Apostle of Soul

The curtain rises on a wide-spreading field. In the background are noble grey stone buildings, standing out against a grey sky. The whole scene pervaded by a fine drizzle. On the foreground a group of muckstained individuals in red sweaters who seem much interested in a small oblong object in their midst. 'Rows of spectators on the sidelines, a confused sound is heard as of shouting and clapping.

First Player—"Oh, I have the ball! How wet it seems! I think I will run with it (he runs). If I run in that direction I see a man coming; oh, I believe it would be well if I could avoid that man in blue. I believe I will deliver up this dear pledge of my Alma Mater's honor unto my compatriot. (He makes a pass).

Second Player—(Running sideways across the field). "He has given me the ball. I will strive to avoid those who are following me. It has ever been a mark of my character to retain what I have got. (He is tackled and falls under a large body of men). Alas! Now I have fallen down, and I fear lest they tear the ball from me. Ugh, I am lying in the mud, and I find that it is very wet. They have taken the ball, all hope has been swept from me. They are rushing over me. Many men seem struggling for possession. How wonderful is the passion stirred in the human heart by a ball.

* * *

Later in the game:—

The Captain — I seem to perceive that our men are getting a touch. Come, my friend, let us go and examine into this matter. It is most joyful thus to acquire points.

Third Player—Yes, let us hasten.

Leader of the Rooters' Club — We will now give expression unto our feelings of rejoicing in having won this peculiar mark of good luck. Rooters, it is always well to rejoice with the victorious, therefore, if you are all agreeable to these sentiments we will deliver in clear, firm tones the McGill yell.

(The yell is given.)

Spectator — How pleasant is the sound of these youthful voices. It reminds me of the stern music following the sudden explosion caused by a small application of dynamite.

Second Spectator—Their voices are, indeed, somewhat louder than the nightingales.

First Player of Blue Team—Fellow-player, did you hear the Umpire remark that our opponents had won a touch.

Second Player of B. T.—Alas, if I am not deceived that is the information carried to my ears. Allow me to append a few remarks regarding the excessive vitality displayed in the onslaught.

First Player (interrupting)—I do not approve of the umpire.

Third Player — How wretched it must be to be an umpire.

First Player—Yes, indeed, his life cannot be worth living. I wonder he wishes to remain any longer out of the grave.

Third Player—Let us then assist him to die.

First and Third Players go and kill the umpire.

The field slowly empties, leaving the dead body of the umpire and two spectators.

First Spectator — I have always thought a dead umpire the saddest sight in the world.

Second Spectator — Yet, there are sadder sights.

First Spectator—That is true, but you must admit a dead umpire is a very sad sight.

Curtain falls to the sound of choking sobs.

THE INSPIRATION

THE INSPIRATION.

John Morley Graham whistled gaily as he adjusted his cravat before the mirror. Tonight he was to see Leila for the last time before she sailed abroad with her aunt.

His gaiety arose not, however, from the fact that their meeting was to be also a parting but from the sheer joy and happiness that the prospect of meeting her under any circumstances inspired within him.

Moreover, her absence was not to be for long; within three months she would return. And had they not arranged a schedule for the interchange of letters, a schedule taking advantage of each and every point of stoppage on the proposed itinerary?

Then too John Morley Graham rather welcomed the interval of her absence as affording for him an opportunity to resume his work. For six months in the ecstacy of their companionship he had found it impossible to descend to the baser things of life or to anything so prosaic as the creation of magazine fiction.

Already his publishers, the firm of Ferguson and McLauren, were becoming impatient. In fact the last letter he had received from them, unmistakably, had been dictated by a highly exasperated editor. For months his regular contributions had not been forthcoming and the sequence of his stories had been broken.

Like errors of omission on the part of anyone but him whom the aforementioned editor had once genially styled in an introductory note "the successor to David Graham Phillips and the strongest realistic writer of the youngest generation," would undoubtedly have been sufficient to damn that person beyond hope of editorial pardon.

But tonight the successor to David Graham Phillips recked not of editorial anger. His cup of happiness was full.

A final twitch and a quaver towards high "C," ended both the adjustment of the tie and the song. Graham slipped into his coat and glanced at his watch. It was yet too early to set out, too early by half an hour. Idly lighting a cigarette, he dropped into a seat before his desk and picked up a girl's photograph. He regarded it critically but affectionately, from various angles, half raised it to his lips, then, with a laugh, laid it gently against the nearest support, a tobacco jar.

"Never mind, little girl" he murmured, "we are going to do big things, you and I. Between us we will make the name of John Morley Graham as famous as that of the wielder of the big stick."

"And tomorrow the grind begins."

He pulled out a cabinet and glanced through a pile of manuscripts. With a smile, he lifted one, bulkier than the others and unsnapping its band spread it out before him.

It was his first attempt at novel writing "The Way of the World," which he had but half completed when his meeting with Leila had put a temporary stop to his literary creations.

The smile faded from his lips as he turned leaf after leaf and an exclamation almost of disgust broke from him, as he snapped the band in place again. He turned as though to drop the bundle in the waste-basket, hesitated and then tossed it on the desk.

"It's good" he soliloquized, "it's infernally clever—but it's rotten. That's it, clever but rotten; and it isn't life either.

What a beastly pessimist I was!"

He glanced towards the photograph and the smile returned.

"A pessimist—yes six months ago; but not now. Henceforth it's "the sheer joy of living" we'll warble. You and I have big things to do, Leila, big things, but we will do them in the right way."

For the second time he raised the photograph towards his lips and for the second time was arrested in the act, not now by any inward prompting but by the tinkle and clang of the telephone bell at his elbow. He laid the pictures on the table beside the manuscript and picked up the receiver. An expression of surprise and delight over his features as he caught the voice at the other end of the line.

"Why, hello Leila! This surely is a pleasure.

"Eh, what's that? Not come round this evening! Why Lelia, I must, you know this is the last—

"Returned my ring! O, I say, please don't joke about that. Great Scott, what is the matter? You can't mean—

"Leila, little girl (something has happened; something serious I know, and I'm coming right over to find out what.

"But I must. I've a right to! You simply coudn't after all We've been—

"What's that? Tudhope sailing, too!

"One moment please, let me repeat that—I must understand rightly — Tudhope is sailing to-morrow—on the same ship—and you have promised to marry him—to marry Tudhope, knowing him as you do?

"My God! You shall not do it; do you hear me? I say you shall not do it!"

Abruptly he checked himself. Rage was futile; he must keep cool, keep cool.

He crouched hungrily over the instrument, his frame tense and rigid; the fingers that clutched the receiver showing dead-white against the black.

A moment he remained thus, motionless, listening, then a dull red crept gradually up his neck, suffusing the face and causing the veins to swell.

Some banality, some platitude from the other end of the line forced the tension of his nerves beyond the breaking point. With an inarticulate cry he seized the instrument with both hands, wrenched it from its wires and sent it crashing into the corner of the room. For a time a blind rage possessed him; then it passed as it had come and he sank back into his chair.

John Morley Graham was by instinct and habit a realist, accustomed to accept things as they are and meet events, half way. His mind refused to quibble; it accepted the facts without question and the clarity of his mental vision left him no mercy.

Great waves of despair, of utterly black and hopeless despair began to swep in upon him, beating and crushing him with dull tangible impact and pressure.

He lurched forward and with a shudder, dropped his head on his arms.

How long he sat thus, motionless, he knew not. The hands of the clock paced their monotonously audible course unheeded. At length he stirred and raised his head, showing a face strangely drawn and distorted. It had the wierd sickly white of the sea mists that beat in with the November tides, and the eyes glowed from blood-rimmd sockets.

Their burning glare wandered from point to point, from object to object, seeing nothing. They passed over the broken wires unheeding and their gaze fell upon the manuscript and photograph. A second they wavered, then a shadow of recognition and reason flashed across them, dulling their unnatural brilliance.

Suddenly the man sat erect in his chair and laughed aloud,—a startling harsh and metallic laugh, as void of mirth as the creaking of gallows chains.

He stretched forth a hand, raised the picture, and moving the tobacco jar, placed the photograph directly before and facing him.

With the laugh still twisting his features, he drew towards him the manuscript.

* * *

Seven weeks later the senior member of the firm of Ferguson and McLauren, leaned back in his upholstered chair and rubbed his fat hands in anticipatory glee, as he dictated a circular, to the trade, announcing the immediate forthcoming of "the literary sensation of the year, a masterpiece from the pen of John Morley Graham, one of the cleverest novels of the decade and one of the shrewdest analyses and most merciless dissections of human nature, since Rabelais.

NEW YEAR'S 'MORN.

Last night I danced the Old Year out
And drank the New Year in,
Mid'st mirth and revelry and rout
And rag-time blare and din.

The lights were bright, the wine was red,
The guests were fair and gay.
But while in song and dance I led,
My thoughts were far away.

* * * *

I dreamed of other New Year's eves,
The old home once again,
The log house 'neath the frost-hung trees
The whistling weather vane.

I thought I saw the starlit moor
The beckoning, welcoming gleam
Of a light shine through the open door
And o'er the frozen stream.

My mother's voice, so soft and sweet,
All tremulous with joy,
Called forth in quavering tones to greet
Her own returning [illegible]

With hearty hail, [illegible] voice of dad.
Rung out into the [illegible]ght
"Right welcome [illegible]me' again, my lad,
This is a gladsom[illegible]ght.

Long time we've w[illegible]hed for this return
For loving eyes ne'er tire,
Come in!, Come in! I bid ye, bairn;
And sit ye by the fire."

Then while th[illegible] dansome flames leapt high,
Around the open hearth,
We sat and watched the Old Year die,
The New Year ha[illegible] its birth.

And hand sought hand in loving cheer,
We watched each other well.
Then waited, hushed, that we might hear
The distant village bell.

And when the last sweet chime was tolled,
The last note, fluttering, died.
We sang the songs and psalms of old
And hymns of Christmas tide.

Then all alone before the fire,
When they had gone to rest,
I watched the glowing coals expire;
And all seemed for the best.

* * * *

A sudden laugh, the music's cease
A touch upon my arm,
The vision fled with all the peace
And all its quiet charm.

Then hateful seemed each glistening eye,
Each flushed and foolish face,
The ribald laughter, rising high,
The waltze's laughsome grace.

The memory mocks me even now,
With sickly, leering, grin
And heavy is my aching brow,
My heart is lead within.

F. G. H.

Heard from a number of Science students: "I am going to study all the Christmas holidays." Perhaps! we say.

Several electric lamps have been taken from the Mining Building during the last few days. These, of course, have been charged to the students.

The Author of "Omar" Is Confident of Play's Success

Messrs. Tully and Buckland and Chief Actors in Drama Chat With Daily Representative Concerning Play. — Writer a Friend of Dr. Fryor.

That destiny holds in store for "Omar the Tentmaker" a long and successful career on the boards is the unanimous opinion of author, producer and leading players, as that opinion was voiced to a representative of the Daily last evening.

Mr. Tully, the author, is a classmate of Dr. Fryer, our esteemed professor of history. Both of them have taken their degrees from the University of California. He has many tales to relate of their undergraduate days presaging the successful career Dr. Fryer was to run. Concerning his own achievements, Mr. Tully is modestly reticent. He does not state that his first success as a dramatist was achieved in the production of a play for an undergraduate club. It is of interest, however, to know that much of his training was gained through the too often despised processes of an academic course.

Mr. Tully himself is a type of the practical philosopher, a dreamer but no mystic; to him his work is a thing of vital importance. He is willing to recognize the flaws in his handicraft and is anxious to make amendments. But, he has a message; he has for years put his time and force behind it and he is confident that it will ultimately reach the mark of public approval.

Mr. Buckland, a graduate of the University of Columbia, represents the man of technical insight. He is the practical and executive man of the partnership. He will point out to you, in three sentences, the weaknesses and strength of the play. In another two he will demonstrate how the staves of weakness may be made pillars of strength and in a final word will assure you, on the guarantee of ten years' experience with Belasco, that the play simply cannot fail.

Mr. Bates Post is a busy man between the hours of 8 and 11 p.m. It is difficult to approach the man himself in his guise as Omar the poet, but Mr. Post likes his role, finds it an interesting study and is assured that a golden harvest is to be reaped.

Miss Salisbury, the ever youthful Shireen—and it is wonderful how little effect the suns and winters of sixteen summers in the desert have upon her youth—has a complaint against the management. She wants the Persian cats' claws clipped. It seems that the glamour of the footlights affected the creatures' feline sensibilities and Miss Salisbury bears visible evidence of its over-zeal for realistic acting. Much to Miss Salisbury's disappointment the gazelle which on Tuesday evening refuted the long held fallacy of gentleness, has been returned to New York. It seems that the animal was much better behaved off stage than on and Miss Salisbury was anxious to undertake its domestication. As far as we could judge, it would be a stony-hearted gazelle that could long withstand the influence.

OLD STYLE PLUG-UGLY A THING OF THE PAST

Conference Will Adopt New Form of Rush.—Resolution Adopted Eliminating Objectionable Features.

The Stanford University Conference, by definite action, has abolished the Plug Ugly in its present form and taken steps toward the creation of a new sort of upperclass rush. The work of preparing preliminary plans for the new metnod of manifesting friendly Junior-Senior rivalry will be entrusted to a committee appointed by L. D. Summerfield, '12, president of the Conference. The committee will make its suggestions at the first Conference meeting next semester.

The action taken by the Conference was the adoption of a resolution that "The Plug Ugly rush, which now includes the farce and the pasting of posters about the campus, be abolished, and a committee be appointed to look up some method of substitution to be reported to the Conference at the first meeting next semester."

This leaves the Conference full power to adopt an adequate test of physical supremacy of the rival classes minus the objectionable features of the present rush.

The Plug Ugly in past years has been a fruitful field for the growth of evils which have been a source of concern to those interested in the success of Student Control. Attempts at regulation having proved vain, total eradication of the event seemed the only remedy. Although this appeared clearly at the last meeting of the Conference, action was postponed until yesterday in the hope that some plan might be devised to save the present Plug Ugly. No such plan being suggested, and the fact being brought to light that fresh complaints with reference to the last Plug Ugly were being made daily, the event in its present shape was formally erased from the list of campus affairs. A "bigger and better" Plug Ugly will be its successor.

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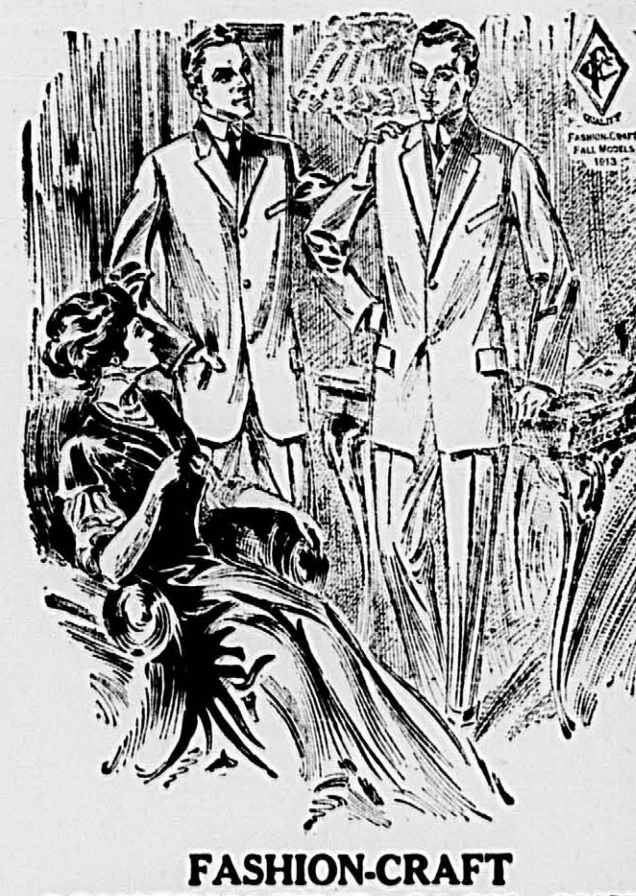

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FALSELY ACCUSED.

A benevolent old gentleman was waliking in the Park when the loud sobs of a little girl arrested him.

"What is the matter, my child?" he asked.

"Boo, hoo, hoo! I've lost my penny!" cried the little girl.

The benevolent old gentleman drew a penny from his pocket, and, extending it, he said with a beatific smile.

"Here's your penny, my dear child And now stop crying."

The little girl, instead of thanking the benevolent old gentleman gratefully, stamped her foot and said with scornfully flashing eyes:

"Oh, you wicked old man, you had my penny all the time!"

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THE DAILY WISHES ALL OF ITS READERS A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Our good friend, the Editor ofthis paper, had some fears that it might suffer by very reason of its excellence; that it might be bowed down by the weight of erudition it contains and become topheavy with learning. Now this is as grave an ailment as can threaten any publication, for it acts directly on the circulation. Knowing the editor's apprehensions we have ventured to suggest to him that possibly a hypodermic injection of some lighter matter might be advisable. He has therefore permitted us to variegate this issue by the addition of a Children's Corner for the College boys and girls. For the insertion of such a column we are convinced we need offer no apology to our young friends. Even in the cultivated mind of the college graduate,—cultivated indeed by four years of diligent rolling, harrowing planting, and possibly ploughing at the hands of the examiners,—it is often found that the wheat of wisdom is not unmixed with the chaff of childishness.

As soon then as we had conceived the idea of a Children's Corner, we set about thinking what we could put into it. We decided that the very best thing we could have to begin with would be a lot of letters from our little friends who have graduated, treating of some topic not too exacting on the intellect. This we know to be the usual method of eliciting interest in the Children's Corners of Saturday journalism. So we sent them all a circular which we felt sure would draw we couched it in the following couching:

"Dear Sir,—Please write to the Editor of the McGill Children's Corner and state your personal experience of the value of a college education. Speak freely of yourself, but don't get delirious over it. Limit yourself, if you can, to a thousand words, and never write to us again. Send five dollars with your manuscript, and the editor promises to make use of it."

The results obtained from the circular have been eminently satisfactory; indeed we have received so many bright little letters that we are able to print only a small proportion of them. Here is our first sample. It is from "Little Charlie," aged 29, a graduate with double first class in English and Metaphysics, now doing splendidly in a position of great trust in a saw mill.

"Dear Mr. Editor.—I am glad you are asking a lot of college boys to write to you. I think a college training is a great help. I have found English invaluable and use nothing else. I must now close."

Here is another letter that gave us especial pleasure. It is from "Tiny Teddie," aged 22:

"Dear Mr. Editor,—I graduated not long ago and am only twenty-two, but I feel very old. I took Archaeology and Sanskrit. Our course of reading in Sanskrit was the Vishnubuddayat. Part one, Book one, Page one. We also scanned the first three lines and examined the skins under a miscroscope. I don't think anything could have developed my mind in the way that Sanskrit and Noah's Archaeology have. I owe a lot to my teachers and mean to pay them back some day. Since I took my degree I have got a job opening the gates at a railway crossing, and am doing well, as I have just the touch required. When I get a little older I may get a job at a toll-gate."

So many thinks for your bright little letter, Teddie, and be sure not to let us hear from you from time to time. You forgot your five dollars, careless boy.

Here is a writer who signs himself Rev. Willie Weeshanks, aged thirty.

"Dear Mr. Editor,—I think a college education is a very valuable thing, and I wish I had one instead of taking Theology. I liked my college life so much and I revered all my professors. I used to take exact notes of everything they told me, exactly as I remembered it a week afterwards. If need be I could produce my notes before a . . . .(Hush, hush, Willie, please don't talk of anything so painful as producing your notes. Surely my dear boy, we have had trouble enough.)

Here is a letter from an Honor graduate in Classics.

"Dear Mr. Editor.—I took Classics. For my part I think that at least certainly on the one hand that a college education, especially indeed Greek, developes the faculty of thinking, writing and quoting; on the other hand with less lack of not saying nothing than anything. A man with a full knowledge of Latin and Greek feels himself a 'pons asinorum,' and in the hours of weariness and discouragement can always turn to his education as a delightful reductio ad absurdum.'"

But let us pass on to some other features of our Children's Corner. Not to be in any way behind our great contemporaries, in journalism, we hasten to present a puzzle competition. It is constructed on the very latest models. The puzzles are indeed somewhat difficult and elaborate, but we confidently invite all College children both graduate and undergraduate, to try them. Come on, then, here is our first. It is called THE BURIED WORD:

LAERTNOM.

There! Try and guess it! The letters of the above word if spelt backwards will produce the name of a Canadian city. Sit down now and work at it; if you don't get the solution at once, keep at it. To any McGill graduate or undergraduate sending a correct solution, accompanied by five dollars, we will forward a copy of the McGill Calendar.

Our second puzzle. This is for some of our little mathematical friends. It is called a double acrostic:

McG*LL.

On inserting a vowel in the place of the above asterisk, the word will become the same word that was the word before the vowel was removed. Anyone finding the correct solution will forward us three dollars; on the receipt of each three dollars the competition is declared closed,—as far as that competitor is concerned.

Our final puzzle. It consists in a historical prize competition, for which we propose the following:—

Name the five Georges, giving reasons, and sending four dollars.

OUR HOME STUDY CIRCLE.

We had hoped to supplement our Puzzle Department with another feature which is its invariable accompaniment, and which we thought especially appropriate for a college magazine. This is the Home Study Circle. It is one of the noblest and most philanthropic developments of the modern journal. The admirable facilities for learning offered by these Home Study circles, with the gratuitous examination papers and short lectures that accompany them, cannot fail to be highly estimated. By this means any man whose affairs have never given him leisure for academic instruction, may pick up in the course of, say ten years, a fair knowledge of Persian and Syrian, enough that is to say, to make himself easily misunderstood. Indeed, with the help of such a Home Study course, any iintelligent boy or girl with a keen desire to add something to his ordinary studies, may very quickly lose it. We had therefore begun to prepare a short Home Study course in higher German philosophy. Our aim was to come to the help of people who were anxious to familiarise themselves with the ideas of some of the great German thinkers (Kant, Schopenhauer, Pilsener Lager, Wiener, Schnitzel, etc., etc.), and yet who were unable to get a knowledge of these ideas from their writings or from the criticisms on them, or through prayer for a direct intervention. Unfortunately, difficulties of a technical nature, which need not here be explained have prevented us from completing our course.

INDOOR GAMES.

From the somewhat heavy subject that we treated in our last paragraph we turn with pleasure to present to our readers a sample of one of the new Indoor Games for College Students that we hope soon to give to the World. It is called

INDOOR FOOTBALL, or FOOTBALL WITHOUT A BALL.

In this game any number of players from fifteen to thirty, seat themselves in a heap on any one played, usually the player next to the dealer. They then challenge him to get up, while one player stands with a stop-watch in his hands and counts forty seconds. Should the first player fail to rise before forty seconds are counted, the player with the watch declares him suffocated. This is called a "down," and counts one. The player who was the Down is then leaned against the wall; his wind is supposed to be squeezed out. The player called the referee then blows a whistle and the players select another player and score a down off him. While the player is supposed to be down all the rest must remain seated as before, and not rise from him until the referee by counting forty and blowing his whistle announces that in his opinion the other player is stifled. He is then leant against the wall by the first player. When the whistle blows, the player nearest the referee strikes him behind the right ear. This is a "Touch," and counts two.

We cannot, of course, in this place, attempt to give all the rules in detail. We may add, however, that while it counts two to strike the referee, to kick him counts three. To break his arm or leg counts four, to kill him outright is called Grand Slam, and counts one game.

There are so many interesting things that we are most eager to insert in this Children's Corner, that we fear the limited space at our disposal will not allow us to treat them all. In the interests, however, of our fairer readers, we cannot well refrain from introducing one or two extracts from our new 'College Girls' Cookery Book."

1. RECIPE FOR LATIN PASTE.

Take one pound of Bradley's Arnold, a little fluent extract of Vergil, some tstrong stems and roots, grind well and soak. Let the mixture stand till it forms into a thick paste which may be used for all kinds of Latin composition. It will be found an agreeable relish in quotations, and does well for public speeches if mixed with a little ginger. The paste is admirably suited for questions in after-dinner speaking, if well soaked in alcohol.

2. RECIPE FOR PRESERVED LECTURES (Creme le Lecture.)

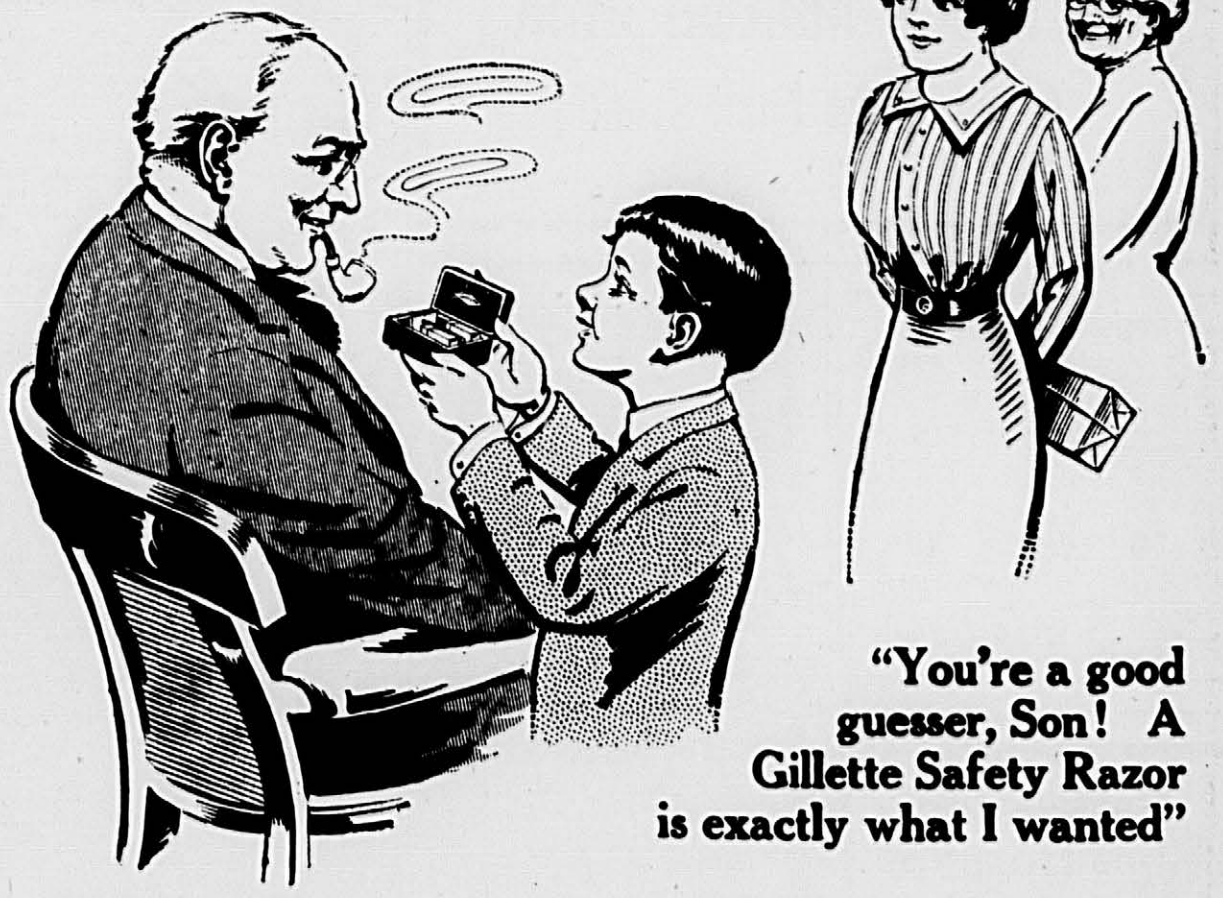
First take a lecture. Then boil it down and remove the froth and gas by constant stirring. Skin it, strain it through a wet towel and serve it hot or cold according to the taste of the examiner.

3. HOW TO MAKE HASH OF AN EXAM. PAPER (Papier Mache.)

Take a thorough smattering of the subject. Mix it completely in your mind. Spread it very thinly on paper and serve lukewarm. Try to avoid roasting.

We should have been delighted to add a few extracts from our new "Elementary Taxidermy for Students, or How to Stuff Examiners," which we are certain would have made a pleasant feature of our Children's Corner. A few lines from our "Carpentry for College Boys; or How to Make German Brackets," would not have been amiss. But we fear we have already trespassed too far on the Editor's kindness.

"Here's the dandiest Christmas Box I could find for you, Daddy"



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